Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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Vol. VIII. AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER Nos. 8 and 9

THERE is a sultry gloom on the mountain's brow,
And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and sea,
Over the barren heath.

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot;
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love;
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy heights,
Let the brow grow cool and the footsteps light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wings of a snowy dove. —*Havergal*

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1904"

JANUARY.
Our Southern Islands.
FEBRUARY.
The Farthest North.
MARCH.
The Greatest Problem.
APRIL.
Our Next Door Neighbors.
MAY.
From Across the Atlantic.
JUNE.
Anniversary Notes.
JULY.
Our Orientals.
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.
America's Aborigines.
NOVEMBER.
A Wily Foe.
DECEMBER.
How Much Owest Thou?

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Telephone: 3088-2 Main

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Cushman's Figures

IN his speech in Congress on April 6th, in support of the bill to give Alaska a delegate in Congress, to be elected by the people of the district, Representative Cushman, of Washington, gave some figures as to the value of Alaska to this country, which exhibit as nothing else could the vast importance to the trade of the United States which Alaska is assuming. He showed by statistical tables that since its acquisition, the total profits to the nation from Alaska have reached the stupendous total of $158,999,041. The estimate is a conservative one, as is seen from the details. The actual receipts of the federal treasury, in excess of its expenditures in Alaska, have aggregated very closely to one hundred million dollars. The profits on seal skins have aggregated $52,000,000; the profits on salmon, $30,000,000; the profits on gold mined, $31,000,000; the profits on general trade, not otherwise specified, $25,000,000. Capitalizing the annual profits made from Alaska by the people of the United States since its acquisition, on a basis of 5 per cent., the actual value of the country to the United States is $94,538,848; and this on the theory that the annual returns would be but the same hereafter as during the average of the past thirty-eight years.

A NEW line of railway is to be built the entire length of Vancouver Island from Victoria northward, connecting at the northern end of the island with a fast steamship line for Alaskan ports. From Port Angeles it is proposed to build a line to connect with Seattle, and Portland, Oregon, giving direct connection for the great American railways for all Alaska.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes soll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

Vol. VIII. AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1904 Nos. 8 and 9

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

AT the Board meeting of June the appropriations for the coming year were made. There were many calls for advance, as well as to strengthen old fields, and while the balance in our treasury was hardly sufficient for the expense of the summer months, to some of the appeals your Board could not refuse aid. The following advance was made.

It was voted to supply a teacher at Lodge Grass, a new station among the Crow Indians in Montana. These Indians occupy a reservation in Montana just north of the Wyoming border. "They are pagans in belief and practice."

Representatives of this tribe last fall met representatives of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and asked for a school and teacher. So urgent was their appeal, and such was the condition of the people, that the Home Mission Society answered by the establishment of a mission.

Last December Rev. W. A. Petzold reached the place, and immediately began the work of the mission home; this will be followed by the mission chapel. To this mission the Board has voted to send a teacher.

So strong were the calls for help in Cuba, that it was promised to strengthen work on that island, and to-day we are looking for teachers for these places, while it is doubtful if the vacancy in Mexico City is yet filled.

The Cuban teachers must have a knowledge of music, both vocal and instrumental, also free-hand drawing.

In Alaska, our overburdened leader, Mr. C. P. Coe, has ere this received help. Mr. Caldwell left Seattle June 10th, and was due at Wood Island about July 1st. As soon as arrangements can be perfected, Mr. Coe will come to the States, but it is doubtful if he reaches New England before January, 1905.

We have also voted to employ a medical missionary for Alaska. This is a new departure, and means increased expense.

Can we fulfil these pledges? The Board has assumed them in the name of the Baptist women of New England, believing they will redeem them. It means consecrated service and prayer.

Let us give it, rejoicing that God counts us worthy to be co-workers with Him, and during these weeks of summer may we remember the proverb, "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son," and by mountains, seashore, and at home, may His work be in our minds and upon our hearts. Thus shall we bring to the work in the fall a clearer insight of what the Master requires of us, and a willingness to do His will.

Take Notice!

PLEASE note the date of this number of the ECHOES, "August and September." There will be no paper issued in September. The next number will bear date of October.

¶ "ON Saturday, July 2d, the United States Army Transport *Kilpatrick*, with four hundred Porto Rican teachers on board, reached Boston. The islanders are to attend special summer courses at Harvard University, their visit being something like that of the Cubans four years ago. In the party are 391 Porto Rican teachers, 32 Americans employed as teachers on the island, and fifteen members of the official force of the Department of Education."

¶ "ELECTRIC cars, lamps, telephones, railroads, automobiles, manufactured ice, and clean, well-paved streets, are all the results of American industry and business interests in Porto Rico."

¶ AMONG the delegates at the Republican National Convention in Chicago, were those from Alaska. The Alaskan delegates' eagles were the features of the convention, so far as novelties go. Every time they were borne into the hall there were loud cheers for them. The perches on which the eagles sit are borne on totem poles, elaborately carved, which tell the histories of twenty tribes of native Alaskans.

Our Publications

THE question is often asked how can we make our missionary meetings more interesting. Would not more familiarity with our Home Mission literature often solve the problem? We believe this, and have sent and are sending to our Basket Meetings a large number of our Publication Lists, and urge that each person present take one home with her. Then, at her leisure, she may study the list carefully, and know what is prepared on the different lines of Home Mission work, — what is the cost, and to whom to send for it. Our leaflets are our tools, and if we would be successful we must know how to use them.

Home Mission Echoes

Of the first importance is our paper, the HOME MISSION ECHOES. Its bright face greets you every month, it tells you of our fields of work, of the workers in each field, and their special needs. It gives you knowledge also of the work carried on by the American Baptist Home Mission Society in all its departments. It says to you, "Not only subscribe for me yourself, but urge some one else to do so, — tell them of the advantage of so doing. The expense is small, only twenty-five cents per single copy, and twenty cents in clubs of six or more. I will not only tell you of our own Home Field, but from time to time will give you a glimpse of other fields."

From our paper we can readily prepare a Home Mission programme. It would take time to do this, and would not be as easy as to have one at hand all prepared, but in the end it would be more helpful. Leaflets will be found in the Publication List on all subjects mentioned in our paper.

A Wider Circulation

We need a wider circulation of our paper. It is not enough that you take it yourself — seek new subscribers, form new clubs. Is not the reason the paper has no wider circulation because we do not do our best to interest others? If our workers were acquainted with one of our leaflets, "How One Woman Gave Herself," I am sure the result would be more consecrated service, and a closer insight into what we can do to advance the Master's cause.

Send Early

Too often one waits until the last moment when preparing for a missionary meeting, and then hurriedly sends for something on the work, asking that a reply be sent by return mail. Sometimes there is barely time for the reply to reach its destination, or much less, for one to become familiar with its contents before the meeting. In this case, if the leader herself is not familiar with her subject, she must necessarily fail to interest others. Our meetings, also, should be up-to-date, having knowledge not only of our field of work, but that of other denominations. A careful perusal of the daily papers seldom fails to give some item of missionary interest. Whatever you find bearing upon the subject of missions, cut it out and place it in a note-book, and in a few weeks you will be surprised to see how many items you have in hand.

If it is true that one finds what he looks for, you will certainly find something new.

Under Our Flag

The course of study "Under Our Flag" has been used very successfully by many of our circles this last year. If your circle has not tried it, send for it, and commence in the fall this course of study. Price of the book, thirty cents. This is supplemented by "Under Our Flag for Our Boys and Girls," which may be bought for eighteen cents. Some one has said that the best insurance policy of any organization is its young people and children. To secure them, then, we must interest them all we can in missionary lines. They must be trained for leadership.

Commence with the Precious Jewels, then our Mission Bands, and Young People's Societies. Give them something to do, teach them to work and pray for the salvation of the children in Mexico, in Alaska, the Indians, and in all our lands. The work can be brought near to them by pictures of the various stations, the teachers, and the children for whom we work. These may be obtained at 510 Tremont Temple, for one cent each.

New Literature

Among our New Literature you will find a booklet, "54 years in America." This gives an account of the Chinese in the United States, from 1850 to the present date. — also a new programme on Mexico, a short history of our work in Alcalde, New Mexico, and an instructive leaflet, "Why I am Interested in Home Missions." A review of the year's work may be found in our annual report. This is good not only for present use, but valuable all through the year for reference. For three cents, a copy of this will be mailed to your address.

Maps, which always increase the interest in a meeting, are loaned for use in circles. Mite-boxes for young and old will be sent for the price of postage on the same. Postal cards for invitations to meetings for ten cents per dozen.

Send for the Publication List, and keep it constantly on hand.

Through our reports and publications you can keep in touch with the work and workers. Lack of interest in missionary work is often caused by ignorance. With knowledge comes interest, and interest means help.

Der "Mite"

IT was a hot, dusty afternoon. She had come two miles over a plain, dry and sandy and destitute of life save where a blackbird is perched on a barbed-wire fence post or where a gray rabbit leaps about among the sage-brush. She was present Sunday when it was announced that to-day there would be a meeting for organizing a Woman's Home Missionary Society.

"I do not know if I can attend often, I have so much work and live out of town."

"It will be a great help to have you present when you *can* come," I replied. "There are other ways to help for any one who cannot become an active member. You can read and study our literature, circulate leaflets, pray for us workers, and you can have a little mite-box — "

"That is just what I thought," she interrupts. "There's that story in the Bible about the widow's mite; it must have been put there to encourage us. On Sunday I wanted so much to give, but did not have anything. I had a little money coming to me from Nebraska, and I just prayed that God would send it so I could help; and it did come. This morning my niece said, 'Now you have the money and you must go to the Missionary Society,' and so I came." Here she rose and laid on the table a dollar. "And here's thirty-five cents for the mission paper."

I noticed that her hand was wrinkled and hardened from toil; some of the fingers were bent, and every joint was thickly swollen.

"What has crippled you so?" I ask.

"It's rheumatism. It hurts me so I have to rub my fingers all the time to relieve the pain."

"I am sure your dollar and the paper will bring unsuspected blessing to some one," I assure her.

"I only wish my mite were larger," she says, "but my heart is won for the work. If I had had a thousand dollars Sunday I should have laid it at your feet."

"God can make this the means of bringing as much," I conclude, as I seem to hear the Master say, "She hath cast in more."

Does this mean merely a larger proportion of her means or a larger blessing to return to herself — or does it not mean that the offering will accomplish more?

We need and desire the greater gifts of the rich; yet, since it is God that giveth the increase, can He not, because of the loving devotion that prompted it and the sweet sacrifice that gave it, give such unmeasured increase even to the mite that in the great day of reckoning returns there shall be unnumbered sheaves for her who, with aching, weary hand, hath done what she could?

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither white nor small;
But they bring for Jesus' treasury
The rarest gift of all.

"When heaven reveals the story
Of thousands freed from sin,
'Twill be this mite that held the light
That brought the wanderers in."

Social Life in Cuba

CUBAN social customs have many delightful features; as in all Latin countries, politeness and courtesy are found. Good breeding is not limited to any class.

Because of the manner in which the houses are built, home life is easily seen by the stranger. He can look through the barred windows or doors into the open courts where the family gathers. Behind this he can see the dining-room where the table is set, and sometimes get a glimpse of the kitchen, with the charcoal braziers on which most of the cooking is done. Few Cuban houses have ovens. The bread is baked at the baker's shop, and if there is to be roast turkey or suckling pig, a great delicacy, the roasting is done outside. The fault which an American finds is that there is no change and variety in the cooking. It becomes fearfully monotonous. Breakfast is the same all the year round, and so is the dinner.

In the towns, much of the social visiting is done in the plaza or public park. Two or three evenings a week the band plays there and everybody goes for a promenade, during which visits are exchanged and the latest news of gossip told.

Cuban hospitality, while not lacking in the city, is better shown in the country. I never found anywhere a more kindly people. In the interior, they have no such thing as a spare bed, but the wise traveller, who knows enough to take his hammock along, will find room made for him outside, and every attention paid to his comfort. An American woman, who went about through the island with her husband, told me a story of her own experience which illustrated this hospitality. Her husband fixed a hammock for her, and being used to it, she fell asleep, only to be awakened in the middle of the night by the Cuban housewife wrapping around her the one blanket which the family owned. It had grown suddenly cool, and she had taken it from herself and children in order that the strange lady might not suffer. Long before daylight, she heard the husband getting up and slipping away on his pony. He got back ift the early morning, bringing some coffee. The little household was out of the article, and of itself would have gotten along a few days; but he had gone ten miles to the nearest village store to get some in order that the visitor might not suffer.

Among educated Cubans, much attention is paid to the formalities of life. When New Year's and Christmas come round, it is customary to send your card and best wishes to all your friends. Failure to do this is looked upon as a slight, and is not readily forgiven.

The proverbs for which the Spanish language is famous are often quoted. One runs: "Monday, embark neither on the sea of matrimony nor on other seas." And it is true that Monday marriages are rare. Cuban courtships themselves are not as open as with us, yet somehow the young manage to make known their sentiment toward each other. With the Cuban girls it is the fans and the eyes that talk. — *Christian Herald.*

Echo Mission, Velarde

IT was last night, while standing watching the shadows at the close of a day that in nature was almost divinely beautiful, I thought of the eight months that have speeded into the past since I said good-by to New England. Then I thought, "Is it only eight months? It has seemed an age!" Often and often have I thought of writing a little word for ECHOES, but the year at the Mission has been so fraught with sadness, with awful desolation, that I did not like to write of it. But I made the acquaintance of so many kind people all over New England, and they seemed so interested in New Mexico missions, that, as my time is too limited to write personal letters, I shall tell them just a little of the work that has taken all one's time and sympathy and hindered all regular school duties.

You know of the diphtheria that raged here from October till March, until it became a pestilence, and has occasional victims even yet. We kept the school open until Mr. Rishel was prostrated by it, on December 14th. Over the days that passed in anxiety, and nights in sleeplessness, and hoping for the morning, I only wish to draw the curtain of forgetfulness. With medical aid from Santa Fe, sixty miles distant, and the best care I could give him, and God's blessing, he apparently recovered. All around us were the sick and dying. Oh, those dismal funeral processions! Shall I ever forget them? On Christmas eve, shut in as we were, we had a tiny Christmas tree for our little girlie, — the Christmas gifts so generously sent from New England must wait until the pestilence abated. But the little girlie sobbed herself to sleep without the joy of the tree, for a Mexican neighbor came and said her little girl was choking to death. We had sent Miss Dickerman home when Mr. Rishel was taken ill; the Industrial teacher and I hurried to the sick child and for a time gave relief. Mr. Rishel was still prostrate, but could be left alone for an hour at a time. We stayed with the child, by turns, all night. All the next day, Christmas day, we cared for her, relieved the choking and quieted her spasms, but we saw the blue pallor spread over her face and watched the throat surely closing. The poor mother cried and prayed all day. She had lost two children in a year's time. The father was in bed all day with a diphtheretic throat constantly growing worse.

The doctor was sixty miles away, and fifty dollars was his fee for one visit! They had no fifty dollars. All the neighbors were afraid of the disease. Even the relatives forsook them. At twilight the calm mother went around, and, standing outside, told the friends that the little one was dead.

She was five years old and was one of our pupils. That morning I had given her a little picture-book sent by a young people's society of New England. In the afternoon she took it in her hand a moment and said to me, "Put it in there," meaning in the sitting-room, and then she suffered from the choking, till the twilight closed the day and her little earthly life.

The mother had clean, white garments for her, and we put on the little stockings she herself had pulled off the night before! The look of terror on her face, that came as she strangled, passed off, and she looked as if the angels were playing a merry game with her.

She was the fairest of all we have ever had in school. The next day we lined the little pine coffin, laid her in it, and, as no one came to help, the Industrial teacher and I nailed up the coffin, and the father got up from his sick-bed, and taking our team, he and the Industrial teacher took the little coffin and alone laid Carolina to rest in that awful place of sand and stones and cactus, the Catholic cemetery. The children sickened every day, some entire families having the disease. One family buried three children in two weeks. The Industrial teacher took the disease and again our house was a plague-spot. She recovered and went away. I had a serious time of cleaning, fumigating, and disinfecting. Mr. Rishel, happy that he was alive,

PRIMARY SCHOLARS, ALCALDE

went to work and toiled early and late to try to finish the chapel. The money appropriated for its building was entirely inadequate, the carpenter was feeble and slow, and Mr. Rishel threw himself into the breach. Then came the sequel to his illness. Paralysis of arms and legs, and the digestive functions.

Unable to help himself in the least, we took him to Albuquerque for treatment. Four months of steady treatment andcareful nursing have almost renewed his vigor, and our hearts are glad. But the work! Ah, me, it seems well-nigh broken up. A handful of pupils, no services, and desolated homes to remind us of this awful year.

The spell of the beauty and the inspiration of my visit to New England holds me yet and has helped me all through the months that the pestilence walked among us, and we could only feel that the Father was not permitting the burden to be too heavy. If only it all leads the people to see their condition and look to Him who alone can help them. I leave that "if" with the One who plans all things and manages the fulfilment of them.

ELIZABETH K. RISHEL.

Echo Mission, June 10, 1904.

Alcalde, New Mexico

THERE has been very little change in our school since I last wrote you. We have been very busy in drilling the boys and girls for Children's Day, which was observed last Sunday at the regular Sunday-school hour. There were fifty-three persons present at the services.

The attendance on our Sunday services for the month of May has averaged 18.6.

The school will close on the first of July. The month of July I will spend in doing some industrial teaching, conducting the regular Sunday services, visiting the people in their homes, and doing what other religious work I can.

SECOND READER CLASS, ALCALDE

Mr. Stover and I have visited quite a number of the homes. We have found the people cheerful and happy, always glad to see us, and often thanking us for having come.

Mr. Stover will attend the Sunday-school Convention which meets at Albuquerque on the 21st of this month. From there he may go to Naco, Arizona, where he will take charge of a little church in that place for the summer.

I shall miss his help and directions very much. But God has promised to never leave us alone, and when He is with us we have no cause for fear.

June 16th. CALLIE E. WEEMS.

Mexico

AT seventy-four Porfirio Diaz has again been elected President of the republic. A new amendment to the constitution makes his term six years instead of four. Another amendment gives Mexico a Vice-President. Both amendments are the work of Diaz. One by one the States adopted them at his direction. This done, he informed Mexico that Ramon Corral should be Vice-President. The election was held this month. Elections in Mexico simply ratify orders previously issued from the National Palace — from the private office of the President.

Ramon Corral is young, a little more than fifty; an editor and writer of elegance and power; rich, a millionaire by mines in the north; a lawyer, and not a soldier; once governor of Sonora, the first State south of Arizona; again, governor of the Federal District, wherein is Mexico City; at this time Minister of the Interior; sagacious and courageous; a materialist rather than a sentimentalist; hating revolutions, and a defender of commercialism; devoted to his country, and in sympathy with the processes of the government for lifting up those who are stricken with ignorance, poverty, and vice; believing in the payment of debts, and the protection of property; adroit, resolute, and having the qualities necessary to leadership, Ramon Corral, chosen by Diaz, will now enter actively into preparing himself for the chief office in Mexico.

The immediate future is with Diaz, wholly, without any surrender whatever of authority. He will teach Corral, he will watch Corral, he will chastise him or expel him if he thinks that is best. Diaz will judge — Diaz with the army, with the power of an autocrat, and with the devotion of a patriot. Very likely he will go abroad and permit Corral to prove his aptitude and capability. He has long wanted to travel in Europe, and to return to America, where he found refuge when he fled from Mexico, a red revolutionist, beaten at his own game. But if he goes he will never be far away from a telegraph office. A summons will find him, and he will be ready. Aged, but not infirm, he is taking precautions against the day when his death might bring confusion and disaster to the nation. His statesmanship now is to perpetuate his own policies. Corral, chosen, will be tried. Diaz, however, will remain dictator of Mexico. — *New York Sun.*

Chinese Girls' School

THE Chinese Girls' Boarding School, recently opened in San Francisco, meets a long-felt want among the daughters of the Chinese merchants of that city.

There are nearly one thousand Chinese girls there between the ages of five and eighteen. Of this number, probably at the outside one hundred under fifteen attend the various Chinese schools. There may be fifty in other schools. This leaves a large number unprovided for and practically ignorant, though there is some desultory teaching in the homes by missionaries and volunteer workers.

Last Chinese New Year, a year ago, such a school was promised these girls, and money was pledged to establish the same if it was done within the year. This offer was extended to this year, and with much doubt as to its success the Woman's Home Mission Society of the West was induced to make the experiment.

To any one familiar with Chinese etiquette, the desirability of such a school would immediately recommend itself. And no one who has visited these girls in their homes and heard them plead for a chance to get an education could entertain any doubt as to the ultimate success.

There is already an enrolment of nearly twenty, and one bound-foot girl has entered as a boarding pupil. The significance of this last fact requires an intimate knowledge of the Chinese attitude toward women to be fully appreciated. So contrary to all their precedents, it is regarded as a breach in the Great Wall of prejudice, which is daily growing larger, and through which the Chinese women will emerge to astonish a wondering world.

One of the greatest inducements of the school is the instruction in Chinese books and Chinese embroidery by a competent Chinese teacher, trained in the Girls' Boarding School in Canton, China. The parents have expressed themselves as particularly pleased at the introduction of Chinese regulations, and Chinese rules of politeness.

The school is under the general superintendent of the Society for Baptist Woman's Work in San Francisco, Miss M. J. Ames. — *Pacific Baptist.*

American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

WE hope that a large number of local missionary organizations in our churches will resolve to do something more systematic in the line of missionary study this coming autumn and winter. There will be text-books that will make possible the study of both home and foreign work. Such study will stimulate the interest, not only in the cause of missions, but also in the regular missionary meeting of the church. This should be held once a month, and the ladies can help to make it most attractive as a result of their reading and familiarity with the work. The study class is one of the most valuable features of the later development of church life. It bids fair to make its way, to the great improvement of the various missionary and benevolent societies. We want an intelligent interest, and then there will be no question as to the progress of missions.

THE Bible will be an open book to all by and by. A recent article says that an editorial published in the *Gazette* of Modovi, Italy, has excited much comment, since it was written by a Catholic, and calls for free Bible distribution and faithful Bible study among his compatriots. The editor describes the Christianity of Italy as "a mere outward form with nothing vital beneath it," and he deplores the fact that, of all books, Italians are most ignorant of the sacred Scriptures. He says that the common people will, as a rule, neither buy the Bible nor accept it as a gift, so afraid are they of departing from the teachings of the past. He gives as an illustration of the prevailing ignorance of Italians the experience of Prof. F. de Sanctis, who died in Naples in 1883, who, lecturing to his pupils in the university upon philosophical topics, bethought himself for the first time to read the Book of Job. So enraptured did he become with the whole contents of the Bible that he thenceforth lectured on nothing else, until his lectures were interdicted by the authorities. The Italians in this country eagerly read the Bible when they have the opportunity.

THE vacation season may be made one of profit as well as pleasure. Those who go away from home can find real recreation in some forms of missionary service that will make the vacation a time to be remembered. For one thing, if you go from the city to the country, you will be able to encourage and cheer the country church by your presence, by heartily joining in worship, by saying a sympathetic and friendly word to the pastor, and by putting as generous a contribution on the plate as your means will allow. Doubtless such a reminder is unnecessary to any reader of ECHOES, except that part of it which relates to speaking to the preacher. That is too often forgotten, and it comes with especial cheer to a hard-working pastor from a stranger.

FOR another thing, perhaps you can infuse life into some languid church, that has suffered from removals and small numbers, and meagre financial resources. Suppose you are not a preacher, if you chance to be in a place where there is no religious service, start one. Read a sermon by one of our ministers, Dr. Lorimer or Dr. MacArthur, or Spurgeon, or Maclaren. Have a testimony meeting. The editor is aware that he is speaking now to the good sisters, and that they might ask to be excused from such a prominent part as this in originating a Sunday service. But the word is said, and there is nothing to take back. Where there is no man to take the lead, the call comes to the first person capable. Make your vacation tell in some influential way on Sunday.

IF you have been interested in the visit of Dr. Morehouse to Cuba and Porto Rico, you can get the results of that visit in the two beautiful pamphlets on Porto Rico and Cuba by sending for them, with a two-cent stamp enclosed for postage. They are elaborately illustrated, and furnish a fund of information so put that programmes for missionary meetings can easily be made up from them. Address the Home Mission Society, 312 Fourth Ave., New York.

THE keynote of the Baptist Young People's Union Convention at Detroit was Enlargement. Study of the Bible and of missions was emphasized properly as one of the prime means of the enlargement hoped for. The idea is equally applicable to all ages. Growth in grace and knowledge is the lifelong aim of the Christian.

THE Jewish immigration to the port of New York in the past twenty years is reported at 690,000. The Jews of New York are estimated at 672,000, and rapidly increasing in numbers. The large cities are their favorite abiding-places, although in smaller cities and in the towns and villages throughout the North and West they are absorbing certain lines of business.

Weekly Giving for Missions

WE are all interested in the subject and methods of giving. Rev. John M. Moore, of Chicago, believes weekly giving is the most systematic and best method. We give an abstract of an address by him advocating this plan.

There are three factors in the problem of the kingdom of God, — God, the world, and the church. God is pledged to the evangelization of the world, so there is no difficulty there. The world is open and approachable as never before. The church alone stands in the way of the evangelization of the world. The three factors here are money, men, and administration. The sound and statesmanlike policy and eminent executive ability of the men who are guiding our missionary organizations remove any problem of administration. They lack only men and money to plan a campaign that would speedily make Jesus Christ known everywhere. The remedy for lack of men and money is Christian stewardship. Christians have not been honest in their dealings with God. To apply the remedy two things must be done from every pulpit and in every church. There must be plain, patient, persistent presentation of the principles and duties of stewardship. Unceasing education as to the relation of the saved to the Saviour is the price we must pay for the better state of things. With this must come the adoption of sensible, businesslike methods. The essentials of a satisfactory method are efficiency and education. Surely something should be done to increase efficiency when the income of the three general Societies meeting here this week is less than three cents a week per member for the million Northern Baptists.

The better plan is weekly giving for all missionary objects. The weekly envelope plan has been successful in raising church expenses; it is a wonder it was not adopted long ago for missionary giving also. If local church finance had been managed in as businesslike way as missionary finance, half the preachers would have starved to death long ago. The weekly plan is simplicity itself. The church agrees upon the causes it will include in its list of benevolences; decides upon the proportion of the money raised to which the work of each Society entitles it; uses envelopes of different color from the current expense envelope, or a duplex envelope for both current and missionary expenses, and places these in the hands of every member. The details are the same as for the church weekly giving. Every three months the church treasurer sends to each Society its share of the offerings for that quarter. This method is businesslike, simple, and secures the money. Every church in Ohio that has adopted this plan reported more money raised than formerly under the old loose way; in some cases the average was two, three, or four times as much as for the five years preceding the trial of the new and better way. Inquiries in Pennsylvania yielded the same results, increase everywhere. One Pennsylvania church adopted this weekly plan in 1897, when it had eighty members. It now has 330 members, but its missionary offerings have grown out of all proportion to the increase in membership. The first year its offerings increased 200 per cent. From $712 in 1899, it rose to $1,846 in 1903, or from $1 per member under the old plan to $3.16 under the new, the first year of its adoption, and $5.84 the sixth year. Not a rich member in the church, and the meeting-house is not worth more than $7,000. This method not only meets the "stormy Sunday" difficulty, but it is educational and easier, since many can give a small sum weekly more easily than a larger one at any stated time. The little gifts are garnered also by this plan. The plan shows the unity of missions, removes all occasion of friction between zealous advocates of home or foreign missions, educates out of narrowness of vision and sympathy. It puts, every week, into use an envelope bearing the names of all the Societies, and says to the member, "Missions are one; the field is the world." The continuity of the plan always commends it. The method is Paul's, as old as Christianity. Who can improve upon it?

Our Work among the Indians

BY E. E. CHIVERS, D. D.

THE condition of the Indian in our land to-day is pitiful and pathetic. Driven back and back before the advancing and resistless tide of immigration and civilization, he has been confined within the fixed limits of government reservations. To-day he is passing through a new transition. The old tribal relations are in process of dissolution. The reservation system is being supplanted by the allotment of lands in severalty, and in place of the man with the bow is coming the man with the hoe. Reactionary influences are at work opposing the change. The insatiated land-hunger of the white man covets even the allotment, and the Indian is justly suspicious. The impression that the Indians are a rapidly vanishing race, doomed to early extinction, is not altogether warranted. It is due in part to exaggerated estimates in the past, and in part to the disappearance of the Indian from his old habitat on the Eastern seaboard and in the central States. Government returns give the number of the Indians, exclusive of those in Alaska, at about a quarter of a million. They are to be found on reservations scattered through twenty-seven States and Territories. Of this number, the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory — the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks, and the Seminoles — comprise one-fourth. Mission work of the Baptists among these people began as far back as the year 1817, when the board of our General Convention established a mission to the Cherokees, then living in North Carolina and Georgia. Work among the Creeks, then living in Georgia, was begun in 1822, and among the Choctaws in 1833. For twenty years after the organization of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1845, the Indian work was carried on by our American Baptist Missionary Union, and was transferred to the Home Mission Society in 1865. To-day among the full-blood Indians of the five civilized tribes, we have a church-membership of fully 4,000. They are children in the faith and need training. Their native pastors, though devoted men, are but slenderly equipped. The need of the hour among them is the appointment of at

least three young men who shall devote themselves to this foreign mission work in the home land, training the pastors and other leaders, organizing and compacting the forces of their churches, and leading them out along lines of evangelistic effort.

Our work among the Blanket Indians was begun only fifteen years ago. They stand upon the lower rungs of the ladder of civilization, ignorant in many instances of the rudimentary arts of civilized life, living amid filthy surroundings, and degraded in morals. Yet to-day, as ever, the gospel is proving itself to be the power of God unto salvation, and its blessed effects are being illustrated in the transformed lives of these people. We have mission stations to-day among the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Wichitas, the Arapahoes, and the Cheyennes in Oklahoma Territory. No one who has listened to their simple confessions of their faith in Christ, and marked the resultant change in their habits of life, can question for a moment the reality and thoroughness of their conversion. Men whose hands are stained in the blood of their fellows are to-day humble disciples of the lowly Jesus. Lives that were degraded by habits of immorality are to-day sweet and clean. No church in the land excels in liberality our little bands of Kiowa and Comanche Baptists. The work is a difficult one. It calls for consecration of the highest and most self-effacing order. No surroundings in heathen lands are more depressing or repellent than those amid which some of our missionaries to these people are called to spend their lives. Yet every consideration of loyalty to Christ, of compassion for the needy, and of moral obligation impels us to continue and extend the work.

An Invaluable Work

BY E. C. MORRIS, D.D.

HERE is to the Society's educational work among the Negroes of the South a religious, social, moral, and even a political value more than worthy our feeble effort to compute or even consider. This very fact will forever commend the Society to philanthropic and patriotic hearts throughout our country and give it a warm place within the breasts of millions of black citizens that live especially in the South.

It was nearly forty years ago when the Society met my people in their horrible condition, stricken upon the plains of a country that had been devastated by the ravages of war; and while the courage and valor of the Southern white people remained undaunted, they were unable to aid the emancipated to obtain educational facilities because of their own poverty. At such a time the Home Mission Society came, among the first great Societies of the North to bear the olive-branch of peace to the white South and Christian sympathy to this unfortunate people. Nor did this sympathy consist alone in words. Consecrated men and women sacrificed all there was of social pleasure, of wealthy surroundings, of comfortable firesides and peaceful homes, and went to teach and evangelize a people despised and rejected.

The character of education that the Society has sought to give is of paramount importance. It aimed at the training of the preachers and teachers of the race, and in proportion as it has succeeded in this it has benefited the entire race. Time will not permit me to go into details of this magnificent work, but I think it had its beginning at the capital of the nation in the founding of Wayland Seminary, where the corner-stone, so to speak, of the splendid educational system for the training of teachers and preachers for the Negro Baptists of the South was first laid. Using this as a basis, I think we have before us one of the greatest monuments in honor of Christian philanthropy ever erected in the world. From this magnificent beginning we see thousands of men and women going forth from these schools and by their preaching and teaching transforming the once enslaved race into a new generation. There are more than threescore high schools and colleges now in existence distributed all over the South, most of which are supplied with teachers who had their training in some school or schools of the Society. In the establishment and maintenance of these schools by the Negroes themselves we find another point of the inestimable value of the Society's educational work for the Negro Baptists of the South.

Twenty-two years ago Dr. Wayland said in a report of the Board on *Work among the Freedmen*, "In our opinion, one dollar given by the freed people themselves is worth more to them than ten dollars from abroad." These words gave inspiration to many of the humble leaders and they, in turn, have taught them to the people until, out of their poverty, the Negro Baptists have been influenced to give more than one hundred thousand dollars a year for their own education.

The aid given the South and the friendly relation created between the Society and the white Baptists of the South has had appreciable effect upon the educational work among the Negro Baptists of that section. Many of the Southern white Baptists have been liberal in giving both moral and financial aid to our educational work and are doing what they can, I think, to ameliorate the strained relations which frequently are seen between the races. Indeed, the Christian education of the people is one of the keys, and perhaps the principal one, to the solution of America's greatest problem.

We perhaps can get an approximate idea of the value of the Society's work for the Negro Baptists of the South when we consider that of the ten million Negroes in the United States, two million have membership in Baptist churches. There are 15,000 church houses owned by them with a valuation of $12,000,000. They have 15,000 ordained ministers, many of whom got their first and only training in the schools of this Society.

Most of these ministers are the leaders of their people in their respective communities.

At the Jubilee session of the Society, the Rev. Dr. Teasdale said (after referring to the vast field of the Society's work), "I must pass over all these benefits which the Society has conferred upon the nation, upon the world, and speak of what I believe to be the best and greatest work of this Society — I mean the noble and godlike efforts to elevate and improve the condition of the Freedmen of the

South; this it seems to me, is the chief work of the Society." If twenty-two years ago the opinion prevailed in such a mind as that, that the Society's chief work was that among the Negroes, may I not ask if it is not reasonable that the same is true to-day? Furthermore, not only are the ten million Negroes in this country to be benefited by the educational work of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, but the unknown millions in darkest Africa are to be very largely evangelized through the instrumentality of their redeemed brethren in America, thus making the North American mission a beneficence in influence to the darkest corner of the globe; thus through home missions promoting most effectively the greatest cause of world missions.

But as vast and beneficial as this work has been, I would not have you think it is complete. By no means is this the case. Much more should be done. Much more must be done, before the Negro will be on his feet, educationally. No investment made has paid larger "dividends" than the Christian schools of this Society, the value of which may be measured largely by the character of citizenship produced. No more patient and law-abiding, industrious people can be found in any part of our great country. Among them are no anarchists, no communists: the whole race is imbued with the spirit of true, persevering Americanism. Its Christian patience and endurance under the most trying circumstances are its prominent virtues, and these virtues have in large measure been strengthened by Christian education administered, although the aggregate of such education may be small.

Nor is it true as alleged by some who oppose education that it makes the Negro indolent and lazy. On the contrary, it has been an inspiration to the Negro, a help, as will be borne out in large part by the government statistics, which show that in the South, where 75 per cent. of the raw products are made by Negro labor, these products have increased with the increase of average intelligence. Aside from the fact that more than $400,000,000 worth of cotton was produced by the Negroes in the South for 1903, hundreds of them are entering into and becoming factors in the great commercial life of the country.

Of course, as business men their means as well as their experience are very limited as compared with those of their white neighbors. But an excellent beginning has been made, and colored men are engaged in every line of business from an ordinary provision store to a first-class bank. Colored Baptists have their full share in the business interests of the Negroes of the whole country. Their leaders do their full share of teaching, advising, and urging the masses to be honest, frugal, economical, industrious, and right in their business life. And the Society may rightly claim much of the credit for the business progress made, in so far as it has helped to train morally and intellectually such business men and leaders for the race.

What then should be the attitude of the constituents of this Society toward Negro education? Is it time to quit business? Is there enough done for the Negro? Should the bounteous stores of educational aid dry up at the North? Has the investment proved unprofitable? Not if the inoffensive spirit of self-help into which the Negroes have been educated is any realization of an early hope. Not if the many effective pastors, college presidents, high-school teachers, doctors, lawyers, and workers that were trained in Home Mission schools, or through the influence of these schools, amount to anything. An excellent start has been given, and still the cry of many blind with the ignorance of mind and heart can be heard.

The New Mission

HOW the work of a new mission develops was disclosed by Mr. Petzoldt in his address at Cleveland. He is making a special study of the history and customs of the tribe, and brought to Cleveland a fine exhibit of their bead work, tanning, and grass weaving. We give some of the points of the address.

The Crows have an interesting history. In stature and physical development they are exceeded by no tribe in the West. They are the Ishmael of their race, and in the early days had the coup-stick and war-club in constant employ against the other tribes. In contrast to this they have always been friendly to the whites. Their country is a veritable Eden, a land where every prospect pleases and man alone is vile. The Indian is peculiarly a child of yesterday, a tattered remnant of a splendid past. In this wild and unrestrained life "he was the highest type of pagan and uncivilized man." The days of his supremacy are gone. The eternal remembrance of yesterday follows him like a shadow as he sees that the past is more luminous with reflected glory than the future is with hope. This is especially true of the Crows, as they are the last tribe to leave the teepee. We must consider things from the view-point of the Indian if we would bring him to see from ours. The Crows still hold to many of the old customs. The dance with its weird music and gorgeous trappings; the sweat booth with its pagan religious accompaniment; the torturing and mutilating of the body at the time of the burial of the dead; the odd customs of marriage; the medicine charms and the medicine-man; the crude religious and superstitious beliefs; these are all practised to-day. Shocking immorality prevails among them, also tainting diseases. But they are on the threshold of a new, and to them a strange, life. They hear new voices; the complex civilization of the paleface is before them. Some are accepting the new conditions. The government is building houses for its wards, crops are being put in, irrigating ditches are being constructed, and a small number of the young Indians can speak our language. The speaker then related incidents depicting the life of the missionary with its many-hued experiences, the favorable attitude of the Indians themselves toward the mission, and the gleaming points of encouragement.

The Christian's Mission

THE theme of the suggestive sermon preached by Rev. T. J. Villers, D.D., at Cleveland, was the Christian's mission to the world. This he found in the words of Jesus: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world;" "as my Father hath sent me, even

so send I you." As Jesus is the apostle of our commission, God's sent one, so we are his "sent ones." And we are sent to bear his message, to talk the gospel. The preacher aptly emphasized the fact that this is the evangelistic power, this the world's need to-day — not so much more clergymen to expound the gospel, as more men and women to talk the gospel; talk it in the home, the office, the shop, the factory, in the store, on the streets, on the trains — everywhere.

There cannot be much doubt that if there were a vivid realization on the part of Christians at large that they are Christ's sent ones, and that their individual mission is to talk the gospel, in the largest sense, that is, by life as well as by word, there would speedily develop a power in the churches, an awakening in our communities to the truth and beauty of true religion, and a great ingathering of souls would be the result.

In its origin and essence the religion of Jesus is missionary. Christ came to minister to all, to serve human need wherever he met it, regardless of conditions. His parish was the world. So is that of his disciples. The mission is world-wide in its reach, individual in its touch and requirements. Are we each one responsive to our mission?

A Chance to Help

WHILE this is not the season when the ladies' societies in our churches are making up boxes for field workers, here is a special call which we believe some of the benevolent societies will heed, since it is a case of necessity where immediate help will go far. Our missionary pastor at Basin, Wyoming, Rev. E. G. Mecum, a consecrated and zealous worker, was but a little time settled on his field when fire came and destroyed the parsonage. The wind was high, and there was no chance to save anything but life. The clothing was burned with everything else, and a family of five was homeless. The minister lost his valuable library, his sermons, his working capital. One of the heaviest losses was that of his wife, who is an accomplished musician and teacher, and had been given a $400 piano by her father as his dying bequest, that she might be able to give music lessons. This she was doing, having a nice class started, when the fire came. Will not some of the ladies take up this worthy case and contribute towards the purchase of a piano? Other needs have been provided for already by generous hearts.

Pacific Coast and Protestantism

REV. C. M. HILL, of California, speaking on "The Importance Religiously of the Pacific Coast," said the religious importance depends upon its importance in other respects, such as magnificent area, 1,292 by 871 miles; population, already nearly 3,000,000, and destined to be 50,000,000; rich and varied resources, almost beyond description and belief; large and increasing Oriental commerce. These are factors which give importance to the Pacific region. The coast already exercises a potent influence in the country as a whole. What, then, is the religious importance of such a section? Protestant interest began in 1834, and the first of the Baptist Home Missionaries, Fisher and Johnson, reached San Francisco in 1845. The field has been responsive. In the last eight months 2,500 persons have been added to the Baptist churches. In five years the contributions of the coast churches have increased 420 per cent. California, with 18,193 members, stands next to Ohio, with 73,316 members, in total amount given to foreign missions last year. More than this, the close relations with the Orient is a fact of immense religious importance. What more promising way of leavening Asia with the gospel? Evangelism, better houses of worship, city effort, larger educational work, are necessary forces. He said there must be a theological seminary on the coast, which would ensure the proper training of a larger proportion of our young men who enter the ministry. The college and university centres must also be cultivated by the Baptists. The Home Mission Society has done what it could with the means at command; but more must be done. He suggested a "Roger Williams Club House" for Baptist students at all these centres. Here the Bible should be taught and Baptist history and principles expounded. A movable lectureship on the Bible or evidences of Christianity should also be established. This higher kind of mission work Baptists must do, or lose their educated young people.

The Southwest and Missions

A STIRRING address was made at Cleveland by Rev. W. M. Anderson, of Oklahoma City, a pastor in the thick of the field, on "The Rapid Development of the Southwest." He had good reason to exploit the wonderful resources and really amazing development of Oklahoma Territory in particular, though he also spoke of Arizona, New Mexico, and Indian Territory. All the region, he said, has agricultural and mineral resources inexhaustible and only beginning to be discovered and appreciated. Ten million acres of agricultural lands, mostly productive by irrigation, invite to Arizona. Indian and Oklahoma Territories, the garden spot of the world, invite by climate, products, and the chance to get a home. Where there are great material possibilities, there the people will gather together. Oklahoma is fifteen years old and has 700,000 population, with cities and towns from 500 to 30,000 people. These two Territories are to be one State, he said, as soon as politics go out of fashion. They are naturally one, and what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. The wise policy of the Home Mission Society has been to go where the people are, and go where most people are. Destitution and returns enter into home mission operations. This new land with cosmopolitan and rapidly increasing population is plastic clay in our hands; it should be molded and is being molded now. How much we owe to the Puritan spirit that began, inspired, and molded our American nation. The East, the centre of secular and religious activities, is as yet a sleeping giant, not aroused to the possibilities and destinies of this new southwest land. The Baptists must take up and do their part for the evangelization of the developing West.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

Black Sam, the Faithful

WE are glad that tributes to genuine worth are given not only to those in the higher walks of life, but to those who, in humble stations, win for themselves the generous recognition of the people at large.

The death and burial of the colored janitor of Colby College, Waterville, Maine, call out the following editorial from *Zion's Advocate:*

"Samuel Osborne, for nearly forty years the faithful and well-beloved janitor of Colby College, died at his home in Waterville on Friday, July 1st. He was born October 20, 1833, a slave, on the plantation of Dr. William Welford, in King and Queen County, Va. His master afterwards removed to Fredericksburg, where Sam grew to manhood, and then was taken by his master to Culpeper, where he married Maria Iveson, who had grown up with him on his master's plantation. In 1862 his master removed to Danville, Va. Col. S. C. Fletcher, of the 19th Maine, was made provost marshal at Danville at the close of the war, and Sam came with him to Maine on his return to the State. After a few months he went back to Virginia, for his wife and father. Sam's father was appointed Colby's janitor, while Sam worked for the Maine Central Railroad, at the same time serving as his father's assistant. In 1867 his father died, and Sam was appointed to take his place as janitor. How well he has performed his duties is known to every one in any way connected with the college. The following editorial in the *Portland Daily Press* of Monday is a just tribute to his memory.

"'Much has been said of late on the Negro question, and, indeed, it is a perennial subject of discussion; but while men were debating the political and social status of the black race, one of its members had quietly solved the problem so far as he was concerned. Born a slave in the South, Samuel Osborne began life under the most unpromising circumstances. He died in Waterville, Friday, one of the most respected and esteemed citizens. Though only a humble college janitor, unlettered and unschooled, he yet won, through his genial nature, his native wit, and his sterling qualities, a very high place in the regard of the community. Few men had a wider circle of friends and acquaintances, and few men have more deserved the trust and confidence that were placed in him. As the faithful caretaker of the institution for more than a generation, he had seen many classes come and go. Among those who have studied at Colby he had no enemy, but all were his friends, and among men in many walks of life and in many parts of the country there will be a pang of regret at the news of his death. Perhaps no other man who was born a slave ever had the tribute paid to him which was paid by President White, of Colby, in his baccalaureate sermon, when he said of the old janitor, then lying sick: "Our college has witnessed for many years the faithful service of our head janitor, whom all have respected and loved; respected, for his faithfulness and devotion to the interests of the college; loved, because of his gentle, warm, and confiding nature; because he has cared for the sick, chided the erring, and encouraged all by his simple, pure, and unaffected Christian life." Perhaps no other black man, born in slavery, ever had a college president watch at his bedside and minister to him in his last moments. Perhaps no other was ever buried from the college chapel, with the same president officiating, and with a concourse of leading citizens in attendance, to testify by their presence their respect for his memory."

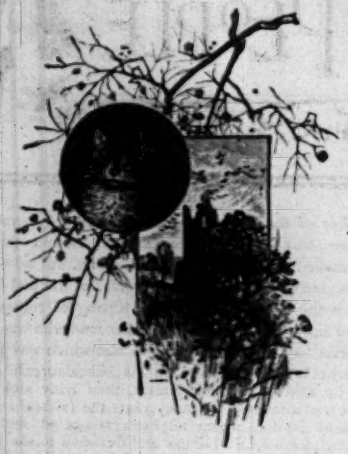
From a leading daily of the State capital, we learn that at the chapel the bier and pulpit were covered with beautiful floral tributes from hundreds of friends. Conspicuous among the floral offerings were a great heart of red and white roses from the Maine Central Railroad, a beautiful scroll of roses from the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, and a great sickle from friends of the family. A large delegation from the Order of Good Templars, of which the deceased was a member, formed a part of the great number in attendance at the funeral.

The services were beautiful and impressive, being conducted by President Charles L. White, D. D., assisted by Rev. Edwin C. Whittemore, pastor of the Elm Street Baptist Church, of which the deceased was a member, and a student in the college during Sam's early days there. There were few dry eyes in the chapel when Dr. Whittemore told of Sam's rise from a little darky slave boy to the position of honor and respect which he held at the time of his death.

Both President White and Dr. Whittemore paid a touching tribute to the faithfulness and devotion with which Sam had performed his duties to the college, speaking of his love for the institution, and for the students and faculty, and of the help he had been to them all.

Sam's last word spoken to those at his bedside was "Good night," and it seemed fitting that he should be laid to rest from the chapel of the college which he loved so well and had served so faithfully, just as the sun was setting at the close of a beautiful summer day. Among the bearers was a leading lawyer of Augusta, and other eminent men of the State, who are and have long been warmly attached to the college and its faithful janitor.

Our Little Folks



My Morning Lesson

MORE frequently than we can tell, and especially when the days come around for sending ECHO copy, do our Baptist young people occupy a large place in our thoughts. We have sometimes written of our beautiful pets, for we love them very dearly. The nesting birds at our summer home, the hungry sparrows coming for crumbs in the winter storms, have been among our texts in the years past. Look at the picture we draw for you now, dear little folks, and see if you can tell why we thought very hard about you yesterday.

She is a recent arrival at our home — "Lady Fluff," or "Fluffy," as we call her — a sweet little Angora kitten, pure white, and loved from her pretty pink nose and ears and big eyes to the tip of her great white plume, by every member of our household, from oldest to youngest. We wish we could give you a look into her very own face, instead of that of an imaginary kitten.

It was a bright, sunny morning. Fluffy had, as usual, answered the tinkling of the bell on her collar and taken her place in the chair to which she always comes to have the collar and strong cord attached before one of her much-to-be-desired rambles on the Lake shore.

And now she was roaming among the alders and the hazel bushes, — stopping to smell of the buttercups and daisies, and to eat the tender grass-blades, jumping after the birds that alighted in the branches over her head, chasing the butterflies on the wing, pouncing upon the insects at her feet, darting up the pine-trees or weaving in and out among their trunks, — what a happy little kitten! As free as the air, so she thought, to go her own sweet way, but what was the truth? The strong hand of her mistress was holding her back from the too steep banks, untangling the cord that was binding her to many a stump or bush, checking her when she would have gone into undesirable paths and allowing full liberty in the pleasant places.

And what of it all? Where do the young folks come in? Just here. Fluffy's mistress was thinking long and earnestly of her life since childhood days, of how she had, when fourteen years of age, asked the Heavenly Father to be her guide in all the life journey. How could she have gone so safely had there not been a strong hand leading and defending? How had it happened that she had come to so love the pathways of Christian service instead of the byways of selfish pleasures? How had it come about that the blossoms of peace and hope and heartsease, and the fruits of God's providences have grown so much more abundantly on every hand than the thorns and briars and nightshade that line many a traveller's way? Was it not that He who has promised to be the Guide even unto death of those who put their trust in Him had been all the time verifying this promise? And would He not be just the same loving, faithful leader to all our dear young people, giving them impulses to bring to those who sit in the region and the shadow of death the blessings that have been theirs since their earliest days? Best of all good spiritual things is the desire and the ability to carry the good tidings of great joy to those who know them not. If we cannot ourselves bear the good news, we may help to send them by our teachers and missionaries.

In this blessed work even the youngest may have a part. Every mission penny is a messenger for the Master. Do you see now how the lesson was drawn from the dear little pet, Fluffy, on her morning walk?

THE following story was written for ECHOES by one who a little time afterward was called to her heavenly home. A friend of hers has sent it for publication. She tells us the story is a true one, and the incident is *from the life* of the writer.

Amanda and Her Gift

AMANDA GILBERT went home from Sunday school with a heavy heart. How was she to bring a dollar, a whole dollar, next Sabbath, to be used to send the gospel to those in our land who do not know about Jesus?

Mr. De Witt, Amanda's Sunday-school superintendent, was an earnest, warm-hearted Christian, and when, before the close of the session, he spoke of the multitudes in America, representing many nationalities, who have never heard that the dear Saviour came into the world to save them, the generous love and interest in his own soul was communicated to those under his care, and many of those boys and girls who had never thought very much about missionary work began to wonder if they could not do something to help it along.

How animated and happy some of them looked, as Mr. De Witt told them what he wanted them to do on the following Sabbath, for they came from homes where wealth had with a generous hand made everything beautiful, and where loving parents supplied their children's pocket-books with a monthly allowance, from which they knew they could meet their superintendent's request.

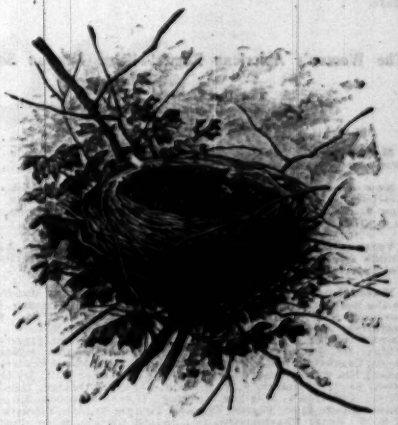
Our little Amanda was not among that number. Her home was in a boarding-house, with two aunts, for she had no dear father and mother to love her and keep her with them. She had all the comforts a little girl needed, but money she did not have, and that was what was clouding her face and saddening her heart. But what did she want to use money for, you ask? Why, Mr. De Witt told all those boys and girls that he wanted every one who could to bring a dollar the next Sabbath, for missions. Amanda walked home that beautiful Sabbath afternoon with the desire uppermost in her mind to be able to carry the required amount next Sabbath. I am sure she must have spoken of it to her aunts, for it is so hard for little girls to conceal their troubles, and this was a real trouble to Amanda. The more she thought about the need of those in spiritual darkness, the more she desired to help them.

The days passed one after another, and Amanda was no nearer being able to help them. Her desire was so strong that I am sure the Lord knew it came from her heart, and He heard and answered it. Sabbath morning dawned bright and clear. It was a crisp November morning, and marked the thirteenth milestone in Amanda's life journey. Some girls at her age are tall and healthy, but it was not so with her. God had not blessed her as he has so many of our young folks, with a straight form, and graceful limbs, and healthy blood tinting their cheeks a rosy hue.

She was *crooked*, and *small*, and *pale*, and *sickness* often visited her, and I do not think she was sunny-tempered, as those are who enjoy good health. This morning she was sad, and I am sure was reluctant to have the Sunday school hour roll around. Sitting down to the breakfast-table she thought, "Why, to-day is my thirteenth birthday, and it comes on Sunday. I was quite a little girl when my birthday came on Sunday before. Let me see, what did I have for presents? I had a doll, — I like my dolls now, — a book of fairy-tales bound in blue and gold, — I enjoyed those stories, but they are not true, — and 'Pilgrim's Progress' — that is a good book; it tells us about the trials and difficulties of the Christian life, and teaches us all about Christ, our Saviour. I wonder if the heathen have 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Of course they don't; folks wouldn't send that to them if they didn't have enough money to buy Bibles to send them to teach them about Jesus. Oh, dear! I haven't any dollar to carry to Sunday school this morning. I do wish I had!"

With a long sigh Amanda slowly turned her plate. What do you suppose she found under it? Oh, how her eyes brightened, and the color came and went, when she saw, lying folded under it, what she had so earnestly desired to possess — a dollar bill. That was her birthday present. She was very grateful and happy, and no little girl in all that large city Sunday school carried to her superintendent a more cheerful gift than did she.

God would surely bless that gift, as He did the giver, for Amanda's heart was very happy, as she, with the others, carried the gift to the superintendent. Will not her example inspire some of you with love for those benighted ones who have never heard of the unspeakable Gift of God, His dear Son, to save the world? E. H. J.



God is Love

LITTLE birdies in their nests,
Little bees among the flow'rs,
Butterflies which flutter by,
Through the long and happy hours,
All the summer sights and sounds,
Filling earth and sea and sky,
Tell of one whose name is Love,
Tell of one who reigns on high.

All the brooklets as they flow,
All the birds that swiftly fly,
Growing plants and springing grass,
Fleecy clouds in yonder sky,
All proclaim the tender care
Of a love that cannot sleep,
For the One that made them all.

— *W. L. Mason.*

What the Children Say

Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river-drop impulse and sway;
Feather and flower and songlet help, too.

Each little child can some love-work find,
Each little hand and each little mind;
All can be gentle, useful and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.

— *Susan Coolidge.*